



LIFE OF JACKSON.

I STATED last week, that there would be a frontispiece with a portrait. I think it right here to state, for the gratification of those who may never see the book, that we have taken the portrait as we find it in the American book; then, above it, we have endeavoured to exhibit the city of New Orleans; Jackson's rampart and his parapet of cotton-bags and flour and sugar-barrels; we have exhibited the columns of Pakenham swept down and strewn over the plain; and have by no means forgotten to exhibit Pakenham himself tumbling headlong from his horse, shot dead by the Tennessee riflemen. In short, we have endeavoured to exhibit a defeat and a *déroute* as complete as any ever experienced in this world. In the background of this compartment, that other companion of Cockburn, I mean Cochrane, is seen making off with his two hundred ships and boats, to go home and tell Johnny Bull of the success of his enterprise in pursuit of "booty and beauty."

The lower compartment of the frontispiece, exhibits on the left hand side, hanging on a gibbet, a Creek Indian; one of the tens of thousands hired to shed the blood of the American people, and punished and subdued and completely subjected for ever, by Jackson, who, in the Indian campaigns alone, performed more admirable exploits than were ever even ascribed to the impudent fellows who cost us, during the late wars, so many millions and millions of money. This Indian leaves his tomahawk and

his scalping knife at his feet, upon the ground, having brought them, as things most dear to him, to the foot of the gallows.

On the other side of this compartment hangs a personage of great consideration for another gibbet; namely, a paper-money maker, who is, at the same time, Jew, either in religion or character, or both. The moment the reader shall cast his eyes on this part of the picture, he will exclaim, "God, thou art just!" This must be the end, in America, of this nefarious crew, unless they instantly give way. The people there perceive, that they have as much right to put them to death as they have to put mad dogs to death. America has suffered so severely from this at once audacious and roguish crew, that they must be punished, and in the most exemplary manner.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE LIFE OF JACKSON.

I thought I had, in the dedication or the preface, done justice to the Irish people, relative to the deeds of this famous man, who sprang from amongst them. But, having since looked into the peerage of **PAKENHAM**, and finding what he was; what honours had been heaped upon him, who died in the midst of disgrace unparalleled: for, all the disgrace was his, as all the honour would have been his. The valour that takes a man up to an entrenchment, or makes him the first to enter a breach, is of a character not a thousandth part equal to that of a bull-dog. Many hundreds of his soldiers went nearer to the mouths of the American muskets than he did: it is the valour which discovers itself in cool moments and day-after-day reflections, and comes, at last, to conclusions, such as are in so many, many instances, recorded of this famous American General.

My readers have seen with what delight I have recorded the triumphs of this man. First, for his own sake,

secondly, because he is descended immediately from poor Irish parents; thirdly, because he was so basely and infamously treated by British officers, at the early part of the American revolutionary war; but above all things, because he sprang immediately from poor Irish parents. The circumstances stated by me relative to this matter are very striking; but, until I saw the peerage of the antagonist whom he laid sprawling upon the ground; until I saw this peerage; this bragging, this boasting peerage, I had not the means of making the contrast so striking as it ought to have been made. Let us take him, then, as he is described by the heralds of his family, copied from the peerage itself. It is a thing for eternal laughter; a thing which every democrat should have about him, and when he has read it, he will not forget to exclaim: All this was smashed to pieces in a moment by the son of poor Irish emigrant parents, the mother of whom had urged this son to avenge the cause of Ireland.

I will now insert from the peerage, and when I have done that, I shall have some remarks to add:

"*William de Pakenham* was resident at Pakenham, co. Suffolk, *temp.* Edward I.; his eldest son, sir Edmund Pakenham, *m.*, *temp.* Edward II., Rose, daughter and co-heir of Robert de Valines, from whom descended sir Hugh Pakenham, who *d. temp.* Henry VII., leaving issue, 1. sir John Pakenham, whose only daughter and sole heir, Constance, carried the estate of Lordington, co. Sussex, to her husband sir Geoffrey de la Pole, knt., 2d son of sir Richard de la Pole, K.G., by Margaret Plantagenet, countess of Salisbury, only daughter of George, duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.; 2. *Nicholas*, ancestor of the earls of Longford; 3. Anne, *m.* sir William Sydney, knight banneret, by whom she was mother of Sir Henry Sydney, K.G., lord deputy of Ireland. Sir Edward Pakenham, knt., grandson of Nicholas, accompanied his cousin, sir Henry Sydney, to Ireland, 1576, whose grandson, Henry Pakenham, was seated at Pakenham Hall, co. West-

meath, *temp.* Charles II., and was father of sir Thomas Pakenham, knt. of Pakenham Hall, prime serjeant at law, 1695, whose son and heir, Edward Pakenham, of Pakenham Hall, knight of the shire co. Westmeath, 1713, was father of

"*Thomas Pakenham*, 1st lord, *b.* May 1713, *m.*, March 5, 1739, Elizabeth, sole heiress of Michael Cuffe, esq., nephew and heir of Ambrose Aungier, last earl of Longford, and in right of his wife was created, 1756, baron of Longford, and had issue by her (who was created July 5, 1785, countess of Longford), 1. *Edward-Michael*, 2d lord; 2. Robert, in the army, who *d. unm.*, 1775; 3. William, *d. young*; 4. Thomas, *b.* 1757, an admiral of the white, *m.* 1785, Louisa, daughter of the right hon. John Staples, and has issue 6 sons and 4 daughters; 5. Elizabeth, *d.* 1742; 6. Frances, *m.*, June 1776, John Ormsby Vandeleur, esq., and *d.* 1779, leaving issue; 7. Helena, *m.* June 1768, William Sherlock, of Sherlocks-town, esq., and *d.* 1774, leaving issue by him (who *d.* 1788), Mary, *m.* 1770, Thomas Fortescue, esq., and *d.* 1775, leaving issue. His lordship *d.* April 20, 1776, and was succeeded by his son,

"*Edward-Michael*, 2d lord, *b.* April 1, 1743, *m.*, June 25, 1768, Catharine, 2d daughter of the right hon. Hercules-Longford Rowley, by Elizabeth, viscountess Longford, and by her (who *d.* March 12, 1816) had issue, 1. *Thomas*, present earl; 2. *sir Edward-Michael*, G.C.B., major-general in the army, and colonel 6th West India regiment, who, Nov. 8, 1813, received the unanimous thanks of both Houses of Parliament, for the valour, steadiness, and exertion, so successfully displayed by him, in repelling the repeated attacks made on the positions of the allied army by the whole of the French force under the command of marshal Soult, between the 25th of July, and 1st of August: *b.* March 19, 1778, killed in action near New Orleans, in America, Jan. 8, 1815, to whose memory a monument is erected in the

"cathedral of Saint Paul, at the public expense; 3. Hercules-Robert, C. B., b. Sept. 29, 1781, lieutenant-colonel in the army, severely wounded at Badajoz, 1812, m., Dec. 1817, Emily Stapleton, daughter of Thomas, lord Le Despencer: 4. William, b. Sept. 20, 1782, captain R.N., who was unfortunately drowned in his majesty's frigate Saldana, near Lough Swilly, Ireland, Dec. 4, 1811; 5. Henry, in holy orders, b. Aug. 23, 1787: 6. Elizabeth, b. Sept. 1769, m. Henry Stewart, esq.; 7. Mary, d. 1787; 8. Catharine, m., April 10, 1806, field-marshal, Arthur, duke of Wellington, K.G., K.T.S., and K.F., brother to Richard, marquis of Wellesley, K.G., K.C., and K.L.S. (See *Duke of Wellington, in the Peerage of England, and Marquis of Wellesley, in the Peerage of Ireland*); 9. Helen; 10. Caroline-Penelope. His lordship d. June 3, 1792, when his son, Thomas, succeeded to the barony; and on the death of his grandmother, Jan. 1794, he succeeded to the earldom, and is the present peer.

"*Heir-apparent*—Lord PAKENHAM, the earl's only son.

"*Creations*—Baron Pakenham, 1756; Earl, June 20, 1785.

"*Motto*—*Gloria virtutis umbra*—Glory is the shadow of virtue.

Here is a pretty story: here is a rigmarole: this is the sort of way in which the base part of mankind are held in subjection. Here is as great a piece of work in recording the lineage of this gang of people, as if each individual of them had performed exploits equal to those of Jackson. Why, it must give one pleasure; it must fill one with delight, to see such contemptible rubbish brought to the test, and to be proved to be not worth a straw. We see here that our particular hero had received the *unanimous thanks of the House of Commons*. And, for what was it? For his valour, &c., in repelling repeated attacks made on the positions of the allied army. This is a very unsatisfactory description. Here is no deed done; no strong place captured; no army beaten, but merely attacks repelled. Very doubtful words;

and a pretty House of Commons it must have been, to have voted its unanimous thanks to a man upon grounds so very equivocal; and, indeed, who does not perceive, that if he had been the son of a common man, he would have had no thanks at all? Yes, yes: the "*French force*"; he could do very well with the *French force*; but, it was another matter when he came to do with an American force, though it was only about a seventh part of his own.

Mark, too, the curious way in which his death is mentioned: "*Killed in action*, near New Orleans, in America, January 8th, 1815, to whose memory a monument is erected in the cathedral of St. Paul, at the public expense." Now, observe, first, that you do not know whether he was commander or not; second, whether those on his side were the victors or not; third, whether it was a battle fought for the purpose of taking New Orleans or for defending it, or whether it was for any other object: but, taking into view the fact immediately following, that he had a monument erected immediately to his memory in St. Paul's, at the public expense; and is there one single man in this world, who, being unacquainted with the facts, would not believe that he lost his life in the arms of victory in a battle which happened to take place near the city of New Orleans, in America. Thus it is that the people of England have been basely betrayed and insulted and cheated. Not one man in ten thousand or in fifty thousand, knows to this day that this Pakenham was selected for this enterprise; that the army and the navy were all ready, long before his arrival; that they waited for that arrival, to begin operations; that the force was so great, the supplies so large; so superabundant in every respect; an outfit costing more than a million of money, and this for the double object of carrying the city, and of pulling Pakenham into a lord. And, what did he do when he got there? The very things that Jackson wanted him to do; and, at last, after having given Jackson one specimen of his ability at *assaulting*, he really put all to the

hazard of an assault; but, curious to relate, not one hour before Jackson was perfectly ready for him. He had intelligence constantly from the city: he knew precisely the situation of Jackson: he knew that his whole force, his whole alliance was but about three thousand men, armed with muskets and rifles. He was duly apprized that these men were stationed behind a parapet of bags of cotton and of barrels of sugar and of flour, but particularly the former: he could see, with his glasses, the cotton-bales, as plainly as I can see this paper: he knew that rifles were behind them; and he had the stupidity to believe, that the Yankees would run away at the approach of his glittering army, and leave that army to vault over the cotton-bags. Common-sense dictated to him to erect batteries, and to tare away at the parapet; to annoy, to fatigue, to exhaust; to take the chances of successful rebellion against Jackson; at any rate, there was one thing which was down-right madness, and that was what he did. To march up in columns, close to the cotton-bags, carry scaling-ladders to climb up with, and to imagine, that he was, in the face of those Yankees, thus going to get over those cotton-bags. Every man of common-sense must have known, that certain death would come pouring over those cotton-bags. When the columns approached, all was still on Jackson's side of the cotton-bags: not a shot was fired; not the smallest demonstration of resistance shown: the columns marched up to within a few yards of the edge of the ditch: then came the bullets: then came the buck-shot: then came the destructive contents of the rifles; and the plain was instantly covered with the dead. Jackson had more men than he had rifles and muskets. Those who had no arms loaded for those who had arms; so that, the fire was one incessant volley; and, out of the four generals, the chief fell dead, and two others were dangerously wounded. I dare say, that the moment Jackson saw those columns, marching over the plain, to come up to his parapet, he felt as sure of the result as he did after it had taken place. This was a

something to make the nation pay for a monument for this man, and in St. Paul's, too. But, it is no matter: if a commander belongs to any of these people, beaten or not beaten, so that he die, he is sure to have a monument to his memory at the people's expense, in order to keep up the blaze of these families. It was well for this poor fellow that he was killed: if he could have made shift to hobble off with his beating, I have no question that he would have had the thanks of the House of Commons, as I believe Cockburn had, for his work on the coast of Virginia.

Burke called nobility "the cheap defence of nations." Look at our half-pay lot; look at our pension-list; look at the retired-allowance list; look at this very family of Pakenham. We find that this man had nine brothers and sisters; one a lieutenant-colonel in the army; one a captain in the navy; one in the church: so far for the men; and, as to the women, I could be bound to find them all out if I had time; but, we know that one of them was the wife of Wellington. A pretty dearish defence of nations, I should think, all this! But, not to waste any more words upon the subject, here we have all this swaggering nobility, this hunting down, from "*William de Pakenham*," in the time of Edward the First, to the present time; and only think of their publishing their mottos: "*Gloria virtutis umbra*," that is to say, "*Glory is the shadow of virtue*"; a saying which we can hardly understand the meaning of; but, the more senseless, the more it excites the cogitating wonderment of stupid and base people. When a public robber gets into a carriage, with three or four Latin words written on it, and with the other insignia which he chooses to have put, all the base part of the people, and that is not a small part, look upon him as something or other a wonderful deal better than themselves. Now, unless this feeling be changed: unless the people be cured of this baseness, nothing that can be done by men, even the most able and industrious and zealous, will ever render them better off than they now are. However, that which I have

here exhibited, will do real good in America; it will make the people there resolve to guard against all the crafty and subtle approaches of aristocracy, which has always been begun by suffering wealth to be drawn into a small number of hands. When once that is done, then the titling work begins; and then come all the curses under which we are now labouring. I shall be told that I have always been an advocate for a government of King, lords, and commons, and for bishops, seated amongst the lords. Now, this is very true; and, my argument always has been that those things could not be bad in their nature, along with which co-existed such wise and just laws; so much freedom, so much power, possessed by so comparatively small a country; and such an immense mass of national resources of all sorts, together with a degree of reputation for integrity, frankness and all public virtue, never surpassed by any other nation, and, indeed, never any thing like equalled.

Well, then, ought you not to cherish these orders now? Are they not what they always were? Have we not still dukes, marquises, earls, just as in the time of? Stop: yes, my friend, we have dukes, marquises, earls, and so forth still; but those that we have now are no more like those in former times, than a French crab is like a Newtown pippin; or than a Catherine peach (many degrees baser than a white turnip) is like a *French mignon* or an early *Montauban*. A peach is a peach; and, as words, mere words, are quite sufficient for the more numerous and baser part of mankind, to keep the word is all that has been thought necessary.

Well, but *in what* do the present lords differ from the lords of former times? *In every thing*; except in the shape of their bodies, and the manner of receiving their nutriment, though even in this latter I do not know that I am not admitting too much. The people of England, when called out in the wars, and especially in defence of their country, were commanded by the lords; and, observe, the lords found them their arms,

and their clothing, and their provisions, and their money for the service, out of their own pockets and estates. It was the business of the lords, *each one to protect his people from wrong*; to see that they had fair play; they were their advocates in courts of justice; pleading their causes in their persons, and *always for nothing*. There was no such thing as a tax for a poor or working man to pay, nor ever heard of to pay, of any sort or kind. The bishops and abbots were in Parliament to take care that the poor were not plundered of their patrimony; and *this it was that nobility was "the cheap defence of nations."*

What do we behold now? Every great family, as it is called, not paying for warriors to come forth to defend the country; *but making the people pay them*, men, women, and children, to the amount of thousands, and thousands upon thousands! In short, it is a prodigious band of spungers, living upon the labour of the industrious part of the community, and making the people pay them, and men that they enlist; the object of having such men in pay and armed with bayonets, can be hidden from nobody in this world but an idiot: a nobility, not paying the people to come out, and furnishing them with arms and ammunition, and clothing them, to defend the country; but a nobility, actually living upon the sweat of the people, and passing laws at the same time, to transport the very same people, if caught in pursuit of pheasant, partridge, or hare! While (oh, gracious God!) these same people, still calling themselves nobility, breeding those wild animals for the purpose of feeding the wretches in London whom they support in the demanding and the receiving of the fruit of three days' work instead of one!

However, either the people of England see all this, or they do not: if the latter, they are too blind to have the character of humanity imputed to them; they are absolutely brutes; for brutes, any treatment is good enough, so that it does not lacerate, starve or knock on the head. If the people of England do see it in its true light; and yet, if they think nothing of these things, compared

with corn-bill nonsense, or HEDDEKASHUN; if this be their taste; if they throw away the substance to amuse themselves with the shadow, and will elect *captain swallow-pension* and reject a man that scorns to deceive them; then let them suffer; and my consolation is, that *I will not suffer along with them!*

WM. COBBETT.

LOCUST WOOD.

I HAVE always insisted that there would be no wear and tear of *hop-poles* if made of this wood, or, rather, the poles being of this tree. I have a thousand times said, that one poling would last a hop-garden for thirty years at the least, without even any *new pointing* of the pole. That is to say, a duration ten times as long as that of any other wood. Major Wayth, (as sensible and public-spirited a man as I have ever known), who lives amidst the hop-gardens of Kent, seems to have had a promise from a friend, about the year 1813, that he would put up one locust-pole in his hop-garden, and have it taken care of. This it appears he did, until last hopping season, when one of those monstrously careless and lazy villains, whom I would condemn to live upon potatoes all their lives, broke this pole, which he must have done for the express purpose, having apparently been cautioned not to do so. I wish I knew that fellow, that I might go down into Kent, to procure him a horse-whipping, legally if possible, and, if not, illegally. The pole had stood, observe, twenty years without ever having been new pointed, any more than if it had been made of iron; and this precious villain sends his master back twenty years to begin the experiment again. Common highway robbery or common theft, or even arson, is inferior in point of moral infamy to this. A man that would do this would, if he had the courage, cut any throat without remorse. I here insert Major Wayth's letter, thanking him very much for taking the trouble

to make the communication upon the subject, because it has verified all my opinions and assertions upon the subject.

"DEAR SIR,—Believing that the real worth of the locust plants is but little understood in this country when used as hop-poles, I beg to send for your perusal the copy of a letter I have received from a highly respectable hop-grower, whose residence is not far distant from the county town of Kent.

"It may be needless for me to say, that I most fully believe this gentleman's statement; I had heard of the circumstance he relates. I wrote to him on the subject, which gave rise to the annexed answer.

"I have not his permission to make his name public; but I have no objection to send you his name and address privately, should you desire it.

"I think the matter of so much consequence to hop-planters in general, that I trouble you with this communication.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"very obediently yours,

"C. WAYTH.

"Bearsted-house, 7. April, 1834."

"EXTRACT

"Of a letter or note from Mr. ——— to Major Wayth, dated March 31, 1834.

"Mr. ——— assures Major Wayth that the 18-feet locust hop-pole was put up in his hop-ground in 1813, and was set up every season till 1832, *without fresh pointing*, when by some unfair means it was broke in the middle during hopping. Mr. ——— always put it up to a strong hill; and one year he picked two bushels of hops from it."

I MUST say one more word about locust-poles. A gentleman has informed me (and I have forgotten his name) that he bought some seed of me five years ago; that he cut the poles eighteen feet long, at the end of five years, from the sowing; that he now is buy-

ing some more seed, in larger quantity, and expects poles again from that, at the end of five years. If cut down, that is to say, the stems being left when you cut your poles, they will send up shoots again; and every stem will send up two poles, and you will have these poles at the end of four years. Yet, in the face of these facts, in the face of demonstration, exhibited in examination on the spot, have I seen a brute, *not knowing* any thing about "theas here locusses;" knowing what "eysh be," he plants the "eysh," though it takes him twelve years to get a pole, and though that pole will, at most, last him five years instead of twenty! However, it is all as it should be: stupidity, folly, fear of losing a shilling, have their reward in the subdued and abased situation of the palty: there is no reason why a fool or a niggard should possess these things, which belong to sense and to real liberality.

SWEDISH TURNIPS.

I BEG the reader, not for my sake, but for his own, if he be a farmer, to read the following letter. I do not know the gentleman; but am not at all surprised at the facts which he states. He gives me an account of Swedish turnips, producing a prodigious crop, and of some turnips weighing fourteen pounds each. Mr. William Martin, at his farm near Birmingham, has had one turnip this year, which weighed nineteen pounds! He has sent the turnip to me. It is sound and good in every part. I have never heard of such turnips, raised from any other seed than my own. I have had hundreds of letters, eulogizing my seed, and I do believe, that it is the very best that ever was growed in England. In a whole field of ten acres, you will not see one single plant that has the smallest appearance of not being true to its kind. I here insert Mr. Stable's letter, repeating that I do not know him; but that I am very much obliged to him for the pains that he has taken upon the subject. It is never worth while for gen-

tlemen to worry their friends and their neighbours, and especially to be angry with them on account of their not attending to their advice, and using my seed. I have never done this in my life, but have always suffered my friends and neighbours to follow their own fancy. Time, which always ought to have enlightened them, has not always done it; and they have persevered, and been rewarded with rubbish for their pains. There is no harm in this; it is their affair and not mine. I would rather see them have good crops than bad ones; but, I am not to quarrel with them, because they will not have good crops.

*"Foston, near Driffield, Yorkshire,
"March 31, 1834.*

"DEAR SIR,—A friend of mine in this parish, in the year 1832, purchased a book of yours, entitled 'A Year's Residence in America,' from which he learned to transplant the Swedish turnip. Having had a fancy to try that system of husbandry, he desired one of his friends to call at your shop, to get him some of your Swedish turnip seed, and to send it down to him at this place, which was accordingly done: after sowing it and transplanting the plants, he had in rows, three feet apart from each other (not four), and one foot apart in the row (the land being only of middling quality for raising turnips), *twenty-four tons on the statute-acre*. Being in the possession of that invaluable work, entitled 'Toll's Horse-hoeing Husbandry,' with your introduction to it, I am desirous to have some of your Swedish turnip seed, that I may be enabled to let my friends see some such fine turnips as my friends did in the year 1832; some of which weighed fourteen pounds each. I will thank you to be so kind as to send me down (by the steam packet that sails to Hull) four stones of your Swedish turnip seed, directed for James Stables, Foston, near Driffield, to be left at Messrs. Rhodes and Rutherford's, Kingston-upon-Hull, Yorkshire. By an early completion of the

"above order, you will very much
 "oblige one who cannot be exceeded
 "by any one of your staunch friends, in
 "wishing well to you and your family.

"I am, Sir,

"your most humble servant,

"JAMES STABLES.

"P. S. I hope I shall never be back-
 "ward in acknowledging my gratitude
 "to any man from whom I may re-
 "ceive benefit; but, to you, sir, my
 "thanks are particularly due, as it is
 "from your writings I have derived so
 "much information; information which
 "has been, and which must continue to
 "be, of so much service to me."

MANGEL-WURZEL.

THIS also is the best and soundest of the kind, that I ever saw in my life; and the plant is a precious one, if judiciously used. It is quite surprising, what difference is made in the state of a farm, by having a good stock of this root for the winter. Twenty head of horn-cattle, and seventy hogs, besides twenty or thirty pigs, has been my stock to keep this last winter. This is, with the exception of cabbage-plants, the backwardest spring and the severest season that I recollect ever to have known. The grass, except in extremely sheltered spots, has no more of growth in it than there is in the bricks of a wall; the heath which I have known in brilliant bloom at this time of the year, looks just as sterile as it did in the month of January, if not more so. In short, so sharp and severe a season, I do not recollect. In the midst of all this, however, my cattle, ten milch cows, seven yearlings, two bulls, and four weaning calves of this spring, are in the most beautiful condition that it is possible to conceive. A trifle does not stop their throats, particularly I include the hogs, (a couple of dozen of breeding sows and a good part of their progeny for the last ten months), each of which has eaten pretty nearly the third part of that which is eaten by a cow. Our stock was, about four acres of Scotch turnips, three acres of Swedes, and six acres of mangel-wurzel. We began upon

the Scotch turnips, or rather, upon the mangel-wurzel *tops* in November; then came to the Scotch turnips; then to the mangel-wurzel roots and Swedes, together, reserving more of the mangel-wurzel than of the Swedes. Probably, we may have sixty or seventy tons of the mangel-wurzel left now, quite enough to carry us along in to the month of June, if necessary, and thereby enable us to suffer the meadows to go quietly on for hay, without a head of cattle turned into them, since November. In the meanwhile, the cattle, not excepting the yearlings, are absolutely fat, though the cows have been milked all the winter; the whey proceeding from which (so much better than butter-milk) has reared up pigs more numerous and better than I was ever able to do it before, at this time of the year.

TO

THE PEOPLE OF OLDHAM.

Normandy Farm, 9. April, 1834.

You remember my suffering greatly from a cough and from hoarseness, when I was in the north, one time. I have now, as bad a cough, and pretty nearly as bad a hoarseness, as I ever had in my life. I stood a shutting-up in London for just seventeen months, and was very well all the time, until the day the Parliament was adjourned for the holidays. By the carelessness of the servant and my own inattention, the room was suffered to become excessively hot. In order to relieve myself from the heat, I went to the window, which was against the north; it was a very warm day; it was raining, and the wind was coming from the north-west. I flung up the sash, and put my body, without my hat on, out of the window, in order to enjoy the breeze. "What a precious fool!" you will exclaim: yes; foolish enough, with all my heart; but not exceeding in demerit, the punishment that I am receiving for it. I am in great anxiety just at this time, very much wishing to be back in my place as quickly as possible, which I

have been able to be in, more constantly than any other man in Parliament, the clerks and the Speaker excepted. I give you this notification, my friends, lest there should be the appearance of negligence in my conduct, which I should be very sorry to have ascribed to me.

I am,
your faithful friend,
and most obedient servant,
WM. COBBETT.

DORSETSHIRE LABOURERS.

THESE men are, it seems, sent out of the country, notwithstanding the exertions which the people have so promptly made. In addition to the petition which I received from OLDHAM last week, I have received one from CROMPTON, and another from WATERHEAD, both of which I have forwarded to Lord MELBOURNE. The following is the answer that I have received to the OLDHAM petition. I have no time for further remark this week, except to add, that the whole country seems to be upon the move upon this subject.

"Whitehall, 5. April, 1834.

"SIR,—I am directed by Viscount Melbourne to acquaint you, that the petition which accompanied your letter of the 2nd instant, in favour of James Brice and five others, who were convicted at the last assizes for the county of Dorset, of administering unlawful oaths, and sentenced to seven years' transportation, has been duly laid before the King; and that his Majesty has not been pleased to signify any commands thereupon.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,
"HOWICK."

"William Cobbett, Esq., M.P.
"Bolt-court."

TO W. COBBETT, ESQ., M.P.

Shanganagh, 7. April, 1834.

SIR,—In a late *Register* you inform your readers that you believe the end of the paper-money system is at hand

I hope you may be right in this opinion; for from the time I read *Paine on the English Funding System*, I felt convinced that it was as he said, all DELUSION; strength in the beginning, weakness in the end. *Paper against Gold* would have removed all doubts, had I had any; and for which book you deserve A PENSION, though there are many who would reward you with some hundred lashes for it, laid on your back by the drummer of the nearest regiment. This paper-money thing will be upheld to the last, unless the honesty and firmness of Andrew Jackson put an end to it all over Europe and America.

But my object in now addressing you is in the hope and request that you will publish the following case as illustrative of this *beautiful* machinery.

You are aware that there are all over England and Ireland what are called savings banks; I have heard that old George Rose was the father of this progeny, but I believe your friend the Old Lady in Threadneedle-street is certainly the mother; yet, in justice to the Old Lady, if her children misbehaved it may not be her fault. But to my case. A poor woman, by name Mary Ann Butler, who lived as a servant five years in my family, contrived to save up in many years, in her different services, a sum of about seventy pounds, as she says for her *old* days: this money she lodged regularly at different times in a savings' bank in Dublin. She kept her own secret, and had her bank book as it is called; but unfortunately lost it in November last, and being sent to an hospital in that month, did not give any notice of her loss, or did she actually know it till she recovered her illness; and she then found that all her money had been taken out of this bank on the 24. of December, or at all events, *was told so*, and saw an entry of said payment in *their books*. But although in their printed rules it is stated that if any person has fifty pounds or upwards in bank it cannot be drawn out unless the depositor appears in *person*, and brings a witness; and if the depositor dies, letters of administration must be *produced*. This young pig bank (as

you will call it), however, paid the money without this *precaution*, and have neither her bank book, receipt, or any voucher for it, but their own entry. I have looked into the various savings bank acts, and I find abundant care taken of the trustees and all concerned in administering them, but very little indeed for the depositors, I suppose I dare not call them *fools*; still, if this poor woman is to lose her money, you and I will be justified in calling all who deposit in them in future worse than fools. As to myself, I never liked these young pig banks, or gave them any encouragement by word or deed, advising all who were afraid to keep their own money, to go, at all events, to head-quarters and deposit their cash with the Old Lady in Threadneedle-street, or the Young Lady in College-green, in preference to these minor shops. As the Cuffe-street bank refuses to pay this poor woman, I have directed an attorney to commence an action against the trustees. The facts are as I have stated, and can be clearly proved; and if the poor woman is to go without redress we shall have another proof of the wisdom of our laws, and how they ought to be envied and admired by surrounding nations.

I am, dear sir,
your most obedient servant,
GEO. COCKBURN.

DUKY YORK

AND

MOTHER CLARKE.

So the statue of this "*hero*" is, at last, placed upon a column, in imitation, they say, of that of the great Roman general! I never could believe that there was baseness enough in the nation to produce men to do this thing. The expense is said to be defrayed by the "*sister-services*," having four hundred and fifty generals and two hundred and odd admirals at their head, and the half-pay and allowance and pension-people of which swallow up five millions of pounds sterling a year. The Government is mean and stupid and blind enough in all conscience, to give its

countenance to such a thing; and it will have to repent of it, however safe it may look upon itself as being. The sister-services have thus, however, characterized themselves by sticking up this fellow as their leader: like master like men: I do verily believe, that the far greater part of them, ninety-nine out of every hundred, *have as much merit*; and of precisely the same sort, as that which was possessed by this darling of mother Clarke. I shall be glad to know the fact, however, whether it be the sister-services or not, that have stuck up this statue to insult the English nation. At any rate, there is damnable injustice in the thing; for, if the fellow were to be stuck up thus, MOLL NAN ought to have been stuck up along-side of him. Here is another of those signs which have always preceded the fall of states.

When this fellow died, and the infamous London press was setting up a howl of lamentation, which must have set all hell in an uproar, I gave a sketch of the history of the merits of the fellow; particularly his military merits. I was determined he should not sink into the grave, without some portion of the nation being made acquainted with the deeds of his life. I repeat this account now; and, in due time, I will furnish the sister-services with an EPITAPH, to be put up on the pedestal of his monument.

"They flattered him with their mouth and lied."—PSALM lxxviii. 36.

Seeing the situation of public affairs of this country at this time; seeing how many subjects there are of great and pressing public interest; seeing, in short, that those of us who are alive, cannot, in a much greater proportion than one out of twenty, say that he has the fair means of decent existence within his reach; seeing that every man of considerable property, if he be also a man of sense, is, and must be, in a continual state of anxiety with regard to the fate of that property, and with regard to children and other dependents, for whom that property is intended to provide, seeing these things, I have

felt, and I still feel, the greatest reluctance to occupy my pages, and the time of my readers, by observations relative to the dead. But, there are occasions, when it is absolutely necessary, for the sake of the survivors, to speak of those who are no more. One of these occasions now presents itself, and extorts from me that which I am about to write. If that which is said of the dead, could do no mischief to the living, if it be not calculated to give a wrong bias to men's minds; in such case, as that which is said of the dead can do no harm to the living, these latter may well pass it by without notice. But, when the contrary is manifestly the case; when that which is said of the dead is clearly calculated to mislead the mass of the nation; to make it believe that which is not true; to induce men to trust to some other means of obtaining high character, than the means to be found in their integrity, valour, public spirit, and other virtues; when that which is said of the dead, naturally tends to make men disregard the use of the only means by which high character ought to be maintained; when that which is said of the dead has a natural and inevitable tendency to make the mass of mankind believe, that it signifies not what you do during your life; that you are sure of posthumous fame, if you do but so act, as to be sure to provide yourself with eulogists after your death; when that which is said of the dead has and must have this tendency, then the man, who is so situated as to be able to make a probably successful effort, in counteracting that which is said of the dead, may, perhaps, if he hold his peace, be neither knave nor coward; but, it would be full as well for his country if he were both.

Therefore, clear as it is to me, that that which has been said, written, and published, relative to the late Duke of York, has, and inevitably must have, this mischievous tendency, I should be ashamed of myself, if I did not, at any rate, make an effort to counteract it.

I am not disposed to criticise any part of the Duke's character or conduct, in a

manner which could possibly merit the epithet severe. But, justice demands, that I expose the baseness of the flatterers of his memory, without, however, insinuating, that he himself would have approved by anticipation of such immeasurable baseness. The newspapers of England are, unquestionably, the vilest of all human productions; but, in this case, they have been more vile even than usual. They have gone beyond the settled infamy of their character. Their columns are always open for sale, and the reptiles who have filled them in this case have been dealers, to a greater extent, than perhaps was ever before known in the whole of the history of this species of traffic. They have represented the object of their eulogiums as *every thing perfect in man*; particularly as a *saint* and a *hero*. They have represented him as the most humane, the most upright, the most industrious, the most public-spirited of mortal men. These base flatterers think, that they know very well what they are about: they think to imitate the innkeepers of Oxford; that is to say, "make the *living pay for the dead*." They ought certainly not to succeed in so villanous an enterprise, but, their success or their failure, is a mere trifle, compared with the mischievous effect, that their base and lying praises are calculated to have upon the nation at large, and particularly upon those young men, who are now coming upon the stage, and whose opinions and principles must eventually have so great an effect on the happiness or misery of the nation. If these praises of the Duke of York be suffered to pass without comment, who shall say that a young man will do wrong, if he endeavour, or permit himself to imitate the life and actions of the Duke of York? If these praises be proper, then the Duke is a model for all men to imitate. Would it, then, be a good thing, if all men were to imitate the Duke of York? All men, literally speaking, cannot; for all men are not *dukes*; nor, are they in many other situations in which this Duke was. But all men have dealings and contracts with their

fellow-subjects ; and would it be good for *all* men to imitate his ROYAL HIGHNESS in this capacity ? I do not pretend to say, what the DUKE's debts are or are not. I copy the following paragraph from the *Morning Chronicle* of to-day.

" We are sorry to learn that the affairs of the Duke of YORK are likely to turn out very indifferent as respects the simple contract creditors —hardly *one shilling in the pound* being likely to fall to their share. This has not arisen from any failure in the sales of property that have taken place, which have realized full as much as was expected, but from the immense amount of liens on that property, and of *bona fide* bond securities, all of which must be satisfied before the other creditors are paid a farthing. These bonds, it is said, exceed *two hundred thousand pounds* !

This may be false ; and, as I find it in a newspaper, it is but fair to suppose that it is ; but, if it be but a nineteenth-twentieth part of the truth, let me ask whether this is an *example* to hold up to the nation, the debtor having had, constantly, during his whole lifetime, an income so great, that it is impossible for common men to conceive, by what means it could be expended. Here were no mischances, no accidents, no failure in mercantile enterprise, no event to drive the debtor from the regular receipt of his enormous income, the amount of which he always knew, and always was sure regularly to receive. What excuse, therefore, for debt at all ; and what answer to give to those numerous persons who must be sufferers from such debt ?

All men are not princes and military commanders, but all men are, or are liable to be, *husbands* ; and, would it be a good thing if, in that capacity, *all* men were to imitate the Duke of YORK ? I will allude to no *rumours* ; I will proceed upon no scandalous stories ; nothing like cant shall mark what I have to say of the Duke of YORK ; but, when I hear these profligate, these most mercenary ruffians of the press

proclaim him to the nation as a sort of saint, shall I not refer my readers to the *evidence* taken before the House of Commons in the year 1809 ? Shall I not bid them read that *evidence* ? Shall I not bid them look at the *proof* relative to the open, the undisguised connexion with MOTHER CLARKE, while the DUKE had living a wife, the daughter of a king, the sister of a king, a woman of unimpeachable character in all respects ; a woman remarkable for the gentleness of her manners, and for all those qualities and characteristics which made it cruel to the last degree, to inflict a sting in her bosom. Had she been otherwise than strictly virtuous ; had she been a virago ; had she been a notorious squanderer, wasting the substance of her husband : had she been any of these, less, and much less would have been said on the subject. She was none of them, and her gentleness, and regard for her husband's character and feelings was so great, that she made it a point of appearing in public with him, at a moment when all the world were turning their backs upon him, though the cause of his disgrace was that very connexion which was calculated to inspire her with the most anxious desire to obtain revenge. One cannot tell any thing about the *mere personal* attachments in such case ; but the Duchess of YORK had to bear the *pity*, not only of this nation, but of a great part of the civilized world ; and *pity* is a thing which we do not endure very patiently, particularly when we are in situations, where the very existence of it implies that we are in a fallen state. I scorn, as I always did scorn, cant, upon the subject of MOTHER CLARKE ; but, let the eulogists of the Duke of YORK tell us plainly, if they dare, that the man who was the subject of the investigation of 1809, and the subject of the votes of the House of Commons in that year ; let those eulogists tell us, if they dare, that it would be a good thing, for *all* men to imitate the Duke of YORK as a *husband* ; which, be it observed, is one, at any rate, of the great capacities of human life.

Perhaps those eulogists are of opi-

nion, that to pursue that which is generally called *gaming*, has nothing amiss in it. Certainly the thing is common enough, and all that we have heard, relative to this subject, as far as the DUKE was concerned, may possibly be false. If so, however, these eulogists have shown themselves to be very stupid or very insincere friends; for, they have made no attempt to wipe from his memory, that which was by no means an object of admiration with the wise and virtuous part of the people. They seem to me to have been sensible they were writing a romance, or they would, at any rate, have attempted to palliate the practice so generally imputed to the DUKE. The newspaper ruffians are, generally speaking, addicted to this practice themselves, as far as their means will allow them: it is a practice congenial with the natural turn of their minds: they are penned up amidst swarms of men, and they naturally resort to stimulants of this kind. But, this is not the case with the nation at large: this is not the case with a far greater part of persons in the middle rank of life, nor is it the case with the far greater part of those who move in a higher sphere. These eulogists, then; these lavish of indiscriminating praise, must, to be consistent, boldly assert, that it would be a good thing, if *every* one followed the example of the DUKE in this practice, so generally, whether justly or unjustly, imputed to him.

For my part, I can discover nothing "*tangible*" in this praise bestowed upon the DUKE. CHARLES YORKE very indiscreetly called upon WARDLE to bring forward his charges against the DUKE in a "*tangible* shape." That worthy ex-Secretary of State and present sinecure placeman soon found the shape tangible enough. I have endeavoured to find something equally tangible in the praises bestowed upon the DUKE, but have been enabled to find nothing of the kind. A monstrous deal about his filial affection, forgetting, I suppose, that he had a grant of 10,000*l.* a year (in addition to all his other sources of enormous income), merely for the trouble of visiting his aged father once

in a week or ten days! How much better it would have been if these injudicious friends had been sensible and honest: if, by way of apology or excuse for the taking of this great sum from the nation they had said, that the DUKE stood in need of the money, and that (which I really suppose to be the truth, because it is against nature to suppose the contrary), if he had no money at all for doing it, he would have watched over his father (who, by-the-by, had been most particularly kind and good to him), as cheerfully and diligently as if he had been allowed for his trouble a million a year. At any rate, however, he did receive the 10,000*l.* a year, until the death of his father; and, be it remarked, that the amount so received by him, now makes part of that enormous debt, which is pressing this people to the earth; which makes millions rise every morning not knowing how or where to breakfast; which threatens with beggary even the most wealthy of the community; which renders all men's affairs so uncertain; which, in numerous instances, makes life a burden; and which, let the military geniuses think what they may, puts every institution in jeopardy.

To talk of the DUKE's *generosity* is, therefore, to suppose that we have all our memories, or, that those memories have become so short, that they do not carry us back beyond the space of five or six years. The great burden of praise is, however, the surprising kindness of the DUKE. He did so many "*keind* things," which word "*keind*" these whiskered, pigeon-cropped and shoulder-padded eulogists pronounce in an accent, partaking of a puke and a lisp. They make me sick, at any rate. He was so "*keind* a soul"! Not so very "*keind*" to poor Queen Caroline, at any rate, though one would have thought, that there were, in the history of his own life, several incidents, that might have induced so singularly a "*keind*" hearted man, to judge her with great lenity, even though he had believed her fully guilty of every thing laid to her charge. Having mentioned the late unfortunate Queen, I will also mention

a letter which I have received from a lady, in consequence of the intimation of my resolution, to notice this shameless praise heaped upon the Duke of York. She mentions, amongst other things, the fate which has befallen the most conspicuous enemies of that unfortunate Queen. She notices that the triumph (if triumph it were) arising from her death, was of short duration in the case of Castlereagh; she notices, also, the short-lived honours of Gifford; and she does not forget, that it is not yet seven years since Lord Liverpool ordered her body to be carried round the New-road. This is the way in which a lady, writing in a manner as elegant as I ever saw, views the occurrences relating to the men who stood most prominent of all, in the prosecution of the unfortunate QUEEN. The Duke of York did not take a very prominent part upon that occasion. There was nothing peculiarly bitter in his hostility; but, a very large part of the nation will say, let the vile newspapers publish what they will, that that was an occasion, on which for him to show that tender feeling, that genuine humanity, that gallant generosity which set self at defiance, and of all which these eulogists pretend the DUKE had a store so prodigious.

To return, however, to his excessive "*keindness*," I have, when I was able to overcome the effect of the compound *puke* and *lisp*; when I have been able to overcome the disgust excited by the sound of this word, which is pronounced by a drawing down of the under jaw and by a gape, nearly wide enough to show you the root of an ugly tongue; when I have been able to overcome the disgust excited by this sound and this sight, I have sometimes asked, "Do tell me what are your proofs of this *keindness*." "Oh! he did so many "*keind*" things; he gave so many "*me-ritorious*" persons good posts; got a "*regulation*" to enable old half-pay officers to sell their commissions to young "*ones*"; to enable half-pay officers to "*become*" parsons; to submit to a "*call*" to take upon them the care of "*souls*, and to keep their half-pay at

"the same time; he was so *good*! made "*so many families happy*: made them "*so comfortably off*"!

In short, I always found, that the DUKE was "*keind*" to excess to every body, but to those toiling millions who have to pay the taxes. His "*keindness*" consisted, in fact, in enabling idlers to live well upon the toil of embarrassed farmers and tradesmen and half-starving journeymen and labourers. Now, mind, I do not accuse the DUKE of doing this wilfully. On the contrary, I am quite convinced he was not doing it at all! I am quite convinced, that he never, in the whole course of his life, bestowed a thought on the effect of taxation; that he never reflected, and never thought it his duty to reflect, whence the money came; and that he thought, that if he, as far as related to himself and his office, distributed it pretty fairly, that was all he had to do with the matter. I am ready to acknowledge, that, from what I have heard, it always appeared to be his natural disposition to relieve the distresses of the military people, and to gratify the wishes of any, or all of them, who made their application to him. But, what great praise is this, when no part of the millions came out of his own pocket?

It is said, that he greatly improved the *discipline* of the English army. Had the Duke been a friend of mine, I should have preferred to say of him, that he greatly reduced the *numbers* of the English army. England did very well for a *thousand years* without such a thing as a standing army being known, or so much as thought of. It is said, that, the *state* of the world is altered, and that, if other nations have standing armies, England must have them too. Those who say this, appear to forget that the other nations of Europe had all of them standing armies; that France, for instance, had a thundering standing army, over which so many victories were gained by the raw levies raised in England by the Norman kings.

It is only since the DUKE of YORK became Commander-in-Chief that there has appeared a settled design to have a great standing army always in England,

with all the dresses and manners of a continental army. If you call it an improvement in discipline, to do every thing that can possibly be done to make the hired soldiers a body, *wholly distinct from the people*; to *disunite* the two as much as possible; to create an army, which shall be precisely the reverse of what Judge Blackstone says is congenial to the English constitution; if you call this an improvement of the discipline of the army, then the Duke of York has been as great an improver as ever lived. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that all the items of this system of improvement originated in heads widely different from his. I am far from believing that he was the *inventer* of that *military academy*, which is stuck upon a wild heath, cut off from all communication with towns and villages, and in which you see little boys of *ten or twelve* years of age, dressed in military uniform, to be *trained to be officers in the army*, to be kept in a sort of military discipline all the while, to be thus kept *distinct from the mass of the people*, to have no notion of any sort of obedience, except that due to a military chief, and thus to be made, to all intents and purposes, precisely that description of soldier, which Blackstone describes as wholly incompatible with civil liberty. "In a land of liberty," says he, "it is extremely dangerous to make a distinct order of the profession of arms. In absolute monarchies, this is necessary for the safety of the prince, and arises from the main principle of their constitution, which is that of *governing by fear*: but, in free states, the profession of a soldier, taken singly, and merely as a profession, is justly an object of jealousy. In these no man should take up arms, but with a view to defend his country and its laws: he puts not off the citizen, when he enters the camp; but it is because he is a citizen, and would *wish to continue so*, that he makes himself for a while a soldier. The laws, therefore, and constitution of *these kingdoms*, know no such state as that of a perpetual standing soldier, *bred up to no other profession but that of war*; and

"it was not until the reign of Henry VII. that the kings of England had so much as a guard about their persons." "Nothing ought to be more guarded against in a free state, than making the military power, when such a one is necessary to be kept on foot, *a body too distinct from the people*. LIKE OURS, therefore, it should wholly be composed of *natural subjects*; it ought only to be enlisted for a short and limited time; *the soldiers also should live intermixed with the people*; no separate camp, NO BARRACKS, no inland fortresses, should be allowed. And perhaps it might be still better, if, by dismissing a stated number and enlisting others at every renewal of their term, a circulation could be kept up between the army and the people, and the citizen and the soldier be more intimately connected together." — *Blackstone's Commentaries, Book I. Chap. 13.*

These are the principles which were inculcated by a lawyer, not at all enthusiastic in the cause of freedom. He was Solicitor-General to the late Queen. Of course he was a thorough-paced courtier; yet, only fifty-seven years ago, these were the principles inculcated by him. Precisely the contrary of these principles, have been the organization, the management, the discipline, the control over, the uses made of, and the whole of the circumstances connected with the army and its character, ever since the Duke of York became Commander-in-Chief of that army. Here we are told, that it is dangerous to public liberty to make the profession of arms a distinct profession, and, that the making of it a distinct profession, is grounded on the principle of the necessity of *governing by fear*. Here we are told, that the *happy* constitution of England *knows of no such state as that of a soldier bred up to no other station but that of war*. And England now beholds the military profession made a distinct and a most distinct order; and she beholds a most expensive and palace-like academy or college, or whatever else they may call it, stuck up in the midst of a wild and barren heath, to hold little

boys, who very soon after the clouts are taken from them, are dressed in military uniform, put under a species of military discipline, kept almost as distinct from the people as if they were monks of La Trappe; "bred up to no other profession than that of war"; and thus hurling contemptuous defiance in the teeth of what Blackstone tells us to look upon as the essential principles of the constitution. In this book of our laws we are told, that the army should *never be a body too distinct from the people*; that it should *contain no foreigners*; that the soldiers should live *intmixed with the people*; that there ought to be no BARRACKS, and none of those crafty devices, which are calculated to keep the soldiers and the people in a constant state of jealousy of each other. Since the Duke of YORK became Commander-in-Chief, every possible device seems to have been practised to keep the soldiers distinct from the people; and, as to foreigners, the law itself has, in innumerable instances, been wholly disregarded by giving them commissions in our army of natives.

As I said before, I am far from imputing the *invention* of this change to the Duke of YORK; but if he be not to have this invention imputed to him, he is to have nothing imputed to him relative to the army. If by *military discipline* be meant a separating of the soldiers from the people; dressing them out in a manner to make them as unlike the people as possible; introducing amongst them every thing in imitation of the armies of the *despots* of the Continent; if this be to improve the discipline of the army; then it has been improved, and greatly improved, under the Duke of YORK; but if improvement of discipline mean an addition made to those qualities of the soldier which render him more efficient for the purposes of war and more inoffensive and less dangerous to public liberty, when at home and not engaged in war; then I say that the Duke of YORK has not improved the discipline of the English army. It is pretty impudent to be sure; not more impudent perhaps, not more insulting to the common sense of the

nation, than any one of a dozen other things which these base flatterers have said of the Duke of YORK; not more impudent and insolent perhaps, but, certainly, nothing can well equal in impudence and insolence, the barefaced falsehood, the stupid lie, that the victories obtained by the English army during the late war, are to be ascribed to the discipline taught by the Duke of YORK! However, these base flatterers seem to forget that the victories, as they are called (and for which we are now paying most dearly), were occasionally interspersed with defeats, or, as they were called about seven-and-twenty years ago, "negative successes," an appellation to which the *achievements* of this same great commander actually gave rise. I shall, by-and-by, have to speak somewhat at length of these achievements, and then those who were born after the date of the achievements will have a full explanation, a practical and frequently repeated illustration of the phrase "*negative success*," in the obtaining of success of which sort, his Royal Highness certainly surpassed any commander from the days of the Moabites to those of the *Dutch*.

But, as to the merit of these "*victories*," gained by our army during the late war; I believe that there would be a pretty fair balance (*leaving out the American war*) between the successes and "*negative successes*." As to the battle of Waterloo; as to the surrender of Paris; as to the defeat, as it is called, of Buonaparte; as to all these, they were achieved principally, not by the *arms* but by the *bank notes* of England: and, I have no scruple to say, that in the restoration of the Bourbons and of the ancient order of things, the Bank directors had a thousand times more influence than all our armies, all our ships, and all our commanders put together. Nor did the Bank directors seem to be blind to their merits in this respect, for they, in a representation to the Ministers made in 1819, distinctly observed, that, while they joined the rest of the nation in applauding the conduct of our fleets and armies, bare justice to *themselves compelled them to*

assert their own claim to a large share of the applause due to the successful transactions of the war! I expressed my approbation of the claim at the time when it was made. I said then, that the names of the Bank directors, the picture of the Old Lady, ought to be inscribed on the triumphal columns, which it was then proposed to build; and I do hope that the "Great Captain" will suffer the Bank directors to be put upon some part or other of the triumphal arches, which are now being built, apparently for him and the King.

The victories, as they are called, were generally things purchased with money. It was observed, by the various parcels of Germans and Russians which we hired, that it was *very curious*, that when they gained a victory in company with us, we always claimed it as *wholly belonging to us*; and that, when they got beaten along with us, we always gave them the greatest share of the "negative success." Yes, very "curious perhaps," but, certainly by no means unjust; for we *paid* for the whole of the *victory* when we got one, and, when the success was of the negative kind, we might surely let our hirelings bear their portion of the honour. The Bank directors were right, to a certainty: a very large share of the *merits* of the war and of all its consequences, assuredly belongs to them; and, if I could have my will of every man-jack of them, or, if dead, the heirs and successors of every man-jack of them, should receive in the most ample degree, a *reward suitable to those merits!* Some people seem to despair of seeing that day of justice arrive: for my part, I do not, and I trust that I shall live to record the event.

Besides, however, this sharing on the part of the Bank directors, we must set the defeats against the victories, if we will be base enough, or rather, so beastly stupid as to ascribe the victories to the Duke of York. It would be the most monstrous absurdity that ever disgraced the lips of man, to ascribe the victories to him without ascribing to him the defeats also; and, if we do this, my real opinion is, that, including his *own famous wars*, of which I shall presently

speak, our army was present, and took part in, if we include the war against America, *three* defeats to every *two* victories. So that, the argument, founded on the victories, would be worth very little to his Royal Grace. The victories are taken to be a proof of the excellence of his Commander-in-Chiefship; but, if the defeats exceed the victories in *number*, which I am sure is the fact; and if the *victories* themselves were purchased, **AND REMAIN YET TO BE PAID FOR**: if this should turn out to be the case, what then becomes of this proof of the excellence of the discipline taught by the Duke of York; and, who will not be ready to repeat the words of my motto, "*they did flatter him with their mouth, and lied.*"

These wondrous parasites either forgot, or they never new any thing about the history of the late wars. Some of them, indeed, may not have been born at the time when the Duke was in *the field himself*; to such it will be a treat, "especially if they be addicted to rat-hunting," it will be quite a treat to be introduced into that field, from which I shall not now, thank God, have much longer to detain them. But though some of the nauseous parasites may not have been born at the time of the memorable achievements of Dunkirk and the Helder, they must all have been born (or they have begun the trade of parasite at a very early age) at the time of the battles of CHIPPEWAN, PLATSBURGH, the retreat before BALTIMORE, and the ever-memorable battle of NEW ORLEANS, which exhibited to the world, in the bravery and conduct of General JACKSON and his volunteers, the finest instance of courage, of love of country, of devotion to justice, truth and honour, that ever, as far as I have witnessed, was known since man was man. There may have been, in the history of the world, instances of these virtues equal to these, but it is impossible for human nature to produce any thing to surpass it. There must have been some of the parasites who were born at the time when that memorable battle took place; yet, perhaps, there is this excuse for them, that that affair was so completely

smothered up in England; so completely shut out of the Gazette, as to all its main features, and passed over with such profound silence in Parliament, that this deluded, this wilfully blind and humbugged nation, scarcely ever knew that such a battle had ever taken place, though it decided for ever the character of the combatants of both sides, though it read to mankind this useful, this important, this heart-cheering lesson, that all the arts of war; all the perfections of military discipline; all the inventions of military science; all the vaunted rockets of CONGREVE; all the tactics taught by Prussia, Austria, and France; all the stimulants of ribbons, medals, stars and military titles, are as dust in the balance, when weighed against the arms, the simple and rude arms of free men, animated with the resolution to preserve their country against the unhallowed invasions of its enemies. Some of the parasites, however, must have known something of the American war; and, therefore, if they ascribed to the Duke of York's teaching so large a part of what they called the victories of the army, they surely ought to have ascribed to him a share as large of the disgraceful defeats of that war. Leaving out this war, however, why did the parasites stop at the transactions in Spain and France, into neither of which the English army ever entered, until they had *more than one half of the people on their side*? This was the case, observe, or else we were told the most abominable lies. As to Spain, it is notoriously true, that the people were for us almost to a man, and France was not entered, until, in fact, the tyrant who ruled it, had so harassed and disgusted the people, as to make them hail us as their *allies*.

Good reason, therefore, as we are now going to see, was there for the parasites to go no further back, than what may be fairly called the fag-end of the war, and to leave wholly unnoticed the proceedings of the English army, when in the field against the French, and when the French, whatever might be the fact, were animated by what they deemed the love of freedom. The parasites had, however, more than

one good reason for this omission; for, the history of the early campaigns of the war, was a history of little more than the defeats of our army; and another, and a stronger reason was, that, in these early campaigns, the English army was *under the command of this very Duke of York in person*. One would have thought, that no parasite, however barefaced, however profligate, however strongly animated by the desire of making the living pay for the dead, would have wholly overlooked, wholly sunk, this by far the most interesting part of the life of this hero! The office of Commander-in-Chief *at home*, was a thing of trifling importance, compared to the office of Commander-in-Chief *abroad*. The tactics, practised at the Horse-guards, the marches and counter-marches from PLYMOUTH to HARWICH, and from CHATHAM to LONDON; and then going by *sea on the canal* from BRENTFORD to MANCHESTER and BLACKBURN: these are things easily carried on; they require very little skill; not much more than one could purchase in the shape of a couple of clerks for eight or nine score pounds a year. But, when it comes to commanding an army in the field; when it comes to the facing of brave enemies, and particularly such as are animated by the love of liberty; when it comes to a struggle against such armies as France poured forth during the first ten years of her late wars, then the military merit of the opponent is *put to the test*. The Duke's merit was put to this test; and, let us, then, taking for our guide the page, not of *impartial* history, but of history most partial on his side: taking this history for our guide, advancing no fact as from ourselves, and drawing no conclusion other than the conclusion which evidently proceeds from the premises; taking, in short, for our guide, a statement of those facts, which even parasites could not smother, and that too, at a time, when it was almost to be guilty of treason to publish any fact contrary to the wishes of those who had the guiding of all things in the nation; when it was dangerous to be even suspected of a desire

to make disagreeable truths known to the public: taking for our guide, I say, the cowed-down ANNUAL REGISTER of those times, let us try the military merits of the Duke of YORK even by this test.

In the year 1793, war having been begun against the French, the English army, one of the finest and best appointed that the English ever sent forth, furnished, as our armies always are, even to prodigality, was sent forth under the Duke of YORK, to join the Imperial, and other German armies, with a view of attacking and putting down the French revolution. It is curious enough, that the Prince of SAXE-COBURG, the father of him, to whom we have now the honour to pay 50,000*l.* a year, commanded the Austrian army upon this occasion. All these armies united, had taken, in August, 1793, the town of VALENCIENNES, on the confines of France; and all was rejoicing in England, the men got drunk with toasting the Duke of YORK, while their wives ran them in debt, to vie with their neighbours in sticking up candles to demonstrate their loyalty, and, as was the fashion of that day, their attachment to their "GOD AND THEIR KING," I being by no means certain, that they did not put the King first. The Duke, though intent enough, perhaps, on putting down "republicanism" and "atheism," did not altogether forget the *shop*. He knew that DUNKIRK was a famous place for trafficking; and, therefore, in the way of gratitude, I suppose, for the praises which he had received, on account of the conquest of VALENCIENNES, which, by-the-by, was, according to the principle above laid down, ascribed wholly to the Duke; in gratitude, I suppose, for this, his ROYAL HIGHNESS wished to do some signal service to the *shop*; and, therefore, knowing that the *shop* would be very much pleased, to possess such a trafficking place as DUNKIRK, he quitted his loving allies (all but the HANOVERIANS, whom he took with him) in order to capture this town. Which capture was deemed to be so certain a result of his undertaking, that *handker-*

chiefs, celebrating the event, and representing the Duke with a crown of laurel on his head, had been actually printed at that hell-hole MANCHESTER, before the news arrived of his having been driven from before the place, with a flea so loudly buzzing in his ear, that the HANOVERIAN GENERAL and our Duke of CAMBRIDGE "were, for a short time, in possession of the enemy"! In other words, they were prisoners, till a General of the name of WALMODEN came suddenly and unexpectedly to their aid and rescued them. The historian says that the Duke saved his MILITARY CHEST, took care of the money, but was compelled to abandon his heavy artillery, camp equipage, ammunition, and of course all the rest of the things, to an enormous amount, so necessary to the efficiency of his army. There appears hardly ever to have been a more hasty or helter-skelter retreat; and, which is curious enough, so little were the French Convention satisfied with General HOUCARD, and who, they insisted, ought to have *flung the Duke of YORK and his army into the sea*; that they brought him to trial, condemned him to *die, and put him to death*. Now, though the French Convention consisted of violent men, they would not have put a General to death, unless there had been some ground for the accusation against him. In short, we must believe that HOUCARD did not do his duty; and, then we must ask, what would have been the fate of the English army if he had done his duty; and that will suggest to us to ask further, what must have been the judgment of him who undertook, and what the conduct of him who had the execution of this enterprise.

After this affair, the Duke rejoined the Austrians; and the first step was to settle a point of *vast importance*, namely, whether the Duke should or should *not be under the command of the Austrian General*! A grand council of war was held to settle this point; but it was of such importance that it could not be settled without a negotiation between the Courts of LONDON and VIENNA, by whom it was finally agreed that the

DUKE should not be under an Austria commander unless the Emperor came to command in person. While these high-blooded gentry were settling this point, the French were preparing for a furious attack upon the whole of them. During the former part of the year 1794, the war was carried on in Flanders, the parties having for them, sometimes victory and sometimes defeat; but the latter generally fell to the lot of the allies, of which the English army formed a part, arising, the historians observe, in some part, at least, from the before-mentioned dispute about precedence. At last VALENCIENNES was abandoned, though fortified anew by the Austrians, and with it such immense quantities of stores and provisions of every sort, that were hardly before ever seen in one fortress. Besides these, an immense military chest fell into the hands of the French, who now pressed the allied army with so much vigour, that they compelled them finally to separate, each army seeking its own safety in retreat, or rather in hasty helter-skelter flight. The Duke of York and his army now hastened away towards Holland, sustaining defeat after defeat, routing after routing, loss after loss, hunted from fortress to fortress, and from some which had never before *opened their gates to an enemy*, and were till now deemed to be impregnable. Winter was coming on apace, the climate was cold, the inhabitants hostile in their hearts, when the English army took shelter in the celebrated fortress of NIMUEGEN. Here, however, in a fortress which had always been deemed fit to stand a siege for a year, this unhappy army found no safety. The indefatigable and implacable republicans soon came up, with the view to besiege and take the whole of them. Leaving behind them a large part of the remnant of their heavy stores and implements of war, they traversed the Dutch territories, with the French close at their heels, and, at last, reached the Duchy of Bremen; whence they embarked, or, rather, the remnant of them embarked, and, after being pelted about by the waves, in the bitter cold month of January,

landed on the banks of the Humber, and at other places, whither they had been driven, and where, like Job's messengers, they told their dismal tale.

Never have I read of the sufferings of any thing that bore the name of army, to equal the sufferings of this body of men. Without food, without drink, without scarcely a rag to cover them or a shoe to their foot; their backs constantly exposed to the bullets of the French, and suffering every privation that imagination can conceive, frozen to death by thousands, their women and children left dead strewed by the sides of the road, these unhappy creatures came home to England to tell their dismal tale and to put upon record upon the minds of all who heard them, one consequence, at least, of an undertaking bottomed, as we all well know, in an avowed desire to prevent those which were called French principles from penetrating into England! In other words, to prevent those changes, those very changes which must even now come, or which must leave their place to be supplied by events beyond all measure more dreadful than those which could possibly have arisen, if even that had taken place for which the reformers are accused of having wished.

But, it may be said by the parasites, and by those who have sold their columns to the parasites, that there might be no *fault* in the Duke of York; that an army may suffer defeat after defeat, and run before an enemy from fortress to fortress, as a rabbit runs from burrow to burrow before a weazel or a ferret that takes a grip at her at every resting place, and that still the Commander-in-Chief may be a very *good* Commander-in-Chief. Mark, however, how this works: if there be no *demerit* in such a series of defeat, under every variety of time and place, there can be, under no circumstances whatever, any merit in victory. Say that the Duke of York might be a very *good General*, though his army (who were the finest, mind, and best appointed that the world ever saw) got thus hunted about, hacked and trodden to pieces: say that all this might happen, and that the Comman-

der-in-Chief might be *still a very good General*; and then let me ask these "*keind*" parasites, where they will find the evidence to prove, that any man upon earth can by possibility be a *bad General*.

It would be fortunate, however, for the memory of this greatly eulogized *Commander-in-Chief*, if the history of this campaign stopped here. It does not stop here: common justice will not let it stop here; but will add, will tell that cajoled public, in whose ears the lofty praises of this Duke have been rung, that **HE DID NOT REMAIN TO PARTAKE OF THE DANGERS AND SUFFERINGS OF THE UNFORTUNATE ARMY!** The reader of the present day will hardly believe the fact: the men who have been born within the last thirty years, and who have been stunned by the bawlings of the parasites, will hardly think it possible, but the fact is, that when the cold weather was coming on, and when there could appear a chance of nothing but bare escape, and, that, too, by the terrible exertions of hardihood and valour, which this remnant of this army afterwards displayed; when that moment arrived, he who had caused two Governments to negotiate, rather than yield a point of punctilio as to the right of command, quitted that army, of the command of which he had been, and not unjustly, so proud, and left them under a **FOREIGN COMMANDER**, to be led to the water's edge, and thence to escape, after every species of suffering, mental as well as bodily, of which human beings are capable. Seriously, I say, that when I think of what he must have felt, while sitting in a double-doored, double-windowed, carpetted and cushioned room in London; when I think of what his thoughts must have been, what his feelings must have been, while sitting in such room, and reading of the dreadful sufferings of the remnant of his army, of their lacerated bodies, their frozen extremities, their hungry stomachs, and of here a comrade leaving his comrade to perish behind him, here a husband leaving his wife, here a mother leaving her child, which was the case in hun-

dreds of hundreds of instances; when I reflect upon what his feelings must have been, I sincerely say, *that that would have been enough*; but, the parasites, provoke an answer, justice to the country demands it, circumstances have given me the power, and duty to my country commands me to exert that power.

If there should be found a parasite so completely destitute of all shame, so wonderfully gifted in the way of impudence and of profligate sycophancy as to say, that the Duke was, at the time here referred to, a young man, and that it was his first essay, I answer, that he was pretty nearly *thirty years of age*, and that he had been studying the art of war all his lifetime, having lived several years in Prussia, which was looked upon as the school of military commanders. However, the history of the Duke's wars, unfortunately for his parasites, furnish an answer, and a most complete answer, to this miserable excuse; for, in 1799, the Duke had another army put under his command, another English army, appointed and provided in the best possible manner, which was to be joined by a Russian and a Hanoverian army for the purpose of driving the French out of Holland, and for restoring the Stadtholder to his country. The Duke was **Commander-in-Chief** of this army. In the month of September, the fighting began. The Duke had under him generals Abercrombie and Dundas, and many others whom the base newspapers of that day called the "*flower of the English nobility*." There was a maritime expedition accompanied this, which was intended to *get possession of the Dutch fleet*. This latter object was easily effected, for the Dutch fleet surrendered without striking a blow, and came over as quietly as pussey, and were safely moored, I believe it was, at Torbay! But, to drive the devils of republicans out of Holland was another man's matter, and that matter the Duke had to manage. It is useless to waste time in a detail of the battles that ensued: the *result* being the only thing of any interest, and that result was,

that, at the end of about *thirty* days from the commencement of the military operations, in spite of the flower of the "*English nobility*," the Duke and his army were compelled to retreat to the edge of the land, and that he there signed a capitulation, by which he rescued the bodies of that army from capture, at the least, and, perhaps, from total destruction. The conditions of this capitulation were very simple: the Duke agreed that there should be **SURRENDERED TO THE FRENCH EIGHT THOUSAND OF THE SEAMEN, WHETHER FRENCH OR DUTCH, WHO WERE PRISONERS IN ENGLAND**, and that, on that condition, the Duke's army, should be permitted to go out of Holland, safe in body, and as cheerful in mind as circumstances might admit of! Thus ended this celebrated campaign of our late Commander-in-Chief. If any thing could have added; if there had been a possibility of adding to the humiliation of the *Duke* and his "*flower of English nobility*," that humiliation was at hand in the curious and interesting fact, that the Duke and the "*flower*," he a prince of the blood royal, and the "*flower*" having amongst them **PRINCE WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER**, were defeated by, and the **DUKE** capitulated with, the French General **BRUNE**, who had been apprenticed to a **PRINTER** at **LIMOGES**, and the Dutch General **DANDAELLS**, who had been apprenticed to a **BAKER** at *Amsterdam*. All I shall say more is this, that his **MAJESTY**, in the order, appointing the Duke of **WELLINGTON** Commander-in-Chief to the army, has told us, that *he best merits that post who has led that army to glory*. If I approved of standing armies and Commander-in-Chief, I should agree in this sentiment of his **MAJESTY**; as the thing is, I leave the parasites up to the chins in that dilemma in which this sentiment of his Majesty has placed them; and thus I take my leave of this subject.

WM. COBBETT.

P.S. If the reader should happen to know **SIR HERBERT TAYLOR**, who has, in his history of the **DUKE's** last illness,

discovered such a profound sense of religion; if the reader should happen to know this gentleman, I should be obliged to him just to ask him, what were the **BOOKS**, which chiefly composed the library of his late Royal Patron! That the *Whole Duty of Man*, that **BAXTER's Call**, and **TAYLOR's** (perhaps **SIR HERBERT's** father) *Holy Living and Dying*; that these works, and other such evidences of the piety of the deceased, made part of the **DUKE's** library, is to be supposed as a matter of course. But, a correspondent has informed me that there were **OTHER** books, in greater number and variety, than in the collection of any man in England! As to **PRINTS**, there were, I am told, a **VAST VARIETY** in all shapes and sizes, and representing, too, other things beside the *Crucifixion*, the celebration of the *Lord's Supper*, the *Birth of Jesus Christ*, the *Descent of the Dove*, and so forth; these the Royal and pious personage had of course; but I am told that there was a *great* number of others, which, if **SIR HERBERT** will be pleased to add a list of them, to that of the books, would form a pretty little *tail-piece* to his history.

I **BEG** the reader's attention to the following article, which I take from the *Morning Herald*; and to bear in mind the punishment inflicted on the poor labourers of Dorsetshire.

It often happens that the decisions both of judges and juries excite more surprise than satisfaction. So many accessories, however, are necessary to the formation of a just judgment, and so many to the just estimation of that judgment by those who try it over again in a sort of court of opinion, the laws of which, it must be confessed, are exceedingly indefinite and arbitrary, that we should be at all times slow in condemning what it is possible we may not very clearly understand. In cases where the feeling of surprise is excited, the feeling itself is a sort of involuntary comment, not always to be rejected,

though it should certainly be submitted to examination as the result of an impulse too sudden and inconsiderate to be depended on as a practical guide. But there is something in its very suddenness that argues in its favour. Appearances must be strongly marked when they strike the mind with emotion, and appearances do not always deceive. Let any man read the case of manslaughter tried at the Chester Assizes, and reported in our paper, and if he do not experience an instantaneous thrill of astonishment when he comes to the verdict and the sentence, he must have stronger nerves or more deliberative faculties than fall to the lot of most people. We allude to the case of James Walker, who was indicted for killing a factory child, named Sarah Stubbs, at Macclesfield. The killing was proved in evidence, as appears from the report. The verdict was—Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. The sentence was imprisonment for two months! It is well known that we are no sticklers for severity of punishment, but we cannot say that the lenity of this sentence is to our taste. Here was a child, only eleven years of age, beaten with a strap about the head, and so injured that she died of the effects in two days after. What was there in this case to call for a recommendation of the prisoner, the convicted prisoner, to mercy? There is nothing stated in the report to account for it, except a good character given of him by his employer and another person in the very teeth of the evidence upon which the jury brought in their verdict. Now this is to us most extraordinary, that the same jury should find him guilty of killing a child, and yet consider him deserving of a good character—for what—for humanity! and furthermore deserving of a recommendation to mercy! not such mercy as he showed to the poor child, but the mercy which steps in between the law and its victim to make justice more respected and complete. Is it calculated to do so in the instance we have been contemplating? The judge, too, no doubt from the best of motives, attended to

the recommendation of the jury, and sentenced the prisoner to two months' imprisonment. Two months for killing a child! We repeat that there was nothing in the evidence, as reported, to account for this. Verily James Walker is a fortunate man. If, instead of killing a factory child, he had *killed a pheasant or a hare, six or twelve months would have been a light punishment*. We do not say that there might not have been some mitigating circumstances in the case to account for the extraordinary mildness of the sentence, but we do say that none such appear from the report; and we will add that if any such there be, they ought not to be kept secret. It is, we should think, impossible but that this case must lead to some inquiry. We have described the feeling of the public merely as astonishment, but there is a more inculpatory term which would better signify its real nature. Let the opponents of Mr. Sadler's bill, let the reformed Ministry, and the reformed House of Commons, by whom it was rejected, look steadfastly at this case, and if they do not see in it any reason for regretting the course they have pursued with respect to the Factory Bill, let them at least acknowledge that they find enough to make them hesitate as to the wisdom which prompted the rejection of that measure.

I TAKE the following letter of General COCKBURN from the *Dublin Evening Post*. The writer of this letter gives a frightful picture of the state of things in Ireland; but I have no doubt of its truth. My readers will perceive that the general is for coming to NORFOLK PETITION. It will soon be too late for that. The Ministers and the Reformed House seem determined to let the thing *run out*, without attempting a real change in the system.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN EVENING POST.

26. March, 1834.

Sir—We appear to be going to the devil as fast as we can. But, not to

frighten the sanctified part of your readers by the word devil, I mean it figuratively, and as expressive of all being as wrong—everything in the state as much disordered, &c. &c., as if the devil had actually come on earth to embroil the whole world in strife, discontent, and agitation.

The entire frame of society is disorganized, and every day becoming worse.

Let us take a rapid view of things as they are. First, Europe; whether we look to the North, the East, to Spain and Portugal, to Switzerland, to Italy, or Germany, all is discontent, and either in civil war, or on the point of it.

Then, as to France, can any man but a downright fool believe that France is in a settled state?

France has no longer any liberty—the French *coercion* bill just passed is ten times more despotic and worse than any of the edicts of Charles X.

The French are, after all, an extraordinary people. Could any one suppose that the men of July, 1830, would submit to the despotism of the Doctrinaires? That such a majority in the Chambers should welcome the return of tyranny; or that the barricades against Charles X. were to establish a worse Government? If they will have despotism, why not restore the elder branch, and, at all events, get rid of Louis-Phil.?

But I must remind you, Mr. Conway, that I foretold all this in some of our conversations in 1830; and when I witnessed the absurd anxiety for the *dear Bourbons*, and the fate of Charles the Tenth, and the Polignac Ministers, and the dreadful fright lest they should be consigned to the guillotine: poor dear *French Ministers!!!* by persons ready enough to cut down or cut up *Reformers*, I told you (and I am sure you will recollect it), that if the French did not, at all events, let the law take its course (which was the *guillotine*) as to the Ministers, the saving the lives of these guilty persons would occasion the loss of thousands of other lives.

No, no! said I, this foolish humanity will cause torrents of blood. Well, soon after we had a tolerable quantity spilt in the streets of Paris, in an ill-got-up-

attempt to overthrow Louis-Philippe; and I now tell you he will be overthrown, not by an *emeute*, but when things are ready—in the words of M. Ladry—“*nous lui livrerons bataille.*” As Louis-Philippe understands English perfectly, he would do well to read the following remarks made by honest president Jefferson:—

“The light which has been shed on mankind by the art of printing has eminently changed the condition of the world. As yet it has only dawned on the middle classes in Europe. The kings and the rabble have not yet received its rays, but it spreads rapidly, and can no more recede than the sun return on its course. A first, second, third, or fourth attempt to recover right may fail; but as a younger and more instructed race comes on, a fourth, a fifth, or some subsequent one of the ever-renewed attempts must succeed.

“In France the first effort was defeated by Robespierre, the second by Buonaparte, and the third by Louis XVIII. and the Holy Allies. Another is yet to come; all Europe has caught the spirit, and all will obtain representative Governments.”

Belgium and Holland are in the same broil as three years ago. The ridiculous and costly siege of Antwerp gave us merely a pantomime, or an interlude, or *ballet*, in this European tragedy, now performing. Look to the East; the Turkish Empire nearly overthrown by Russia. Lord Palmerston admitting that the Turks applied to England for assistance, which could not be granted, and talking of Russian good faith, when every schoolboy almost must see that her object is that of Catherine, and to shove us out of the Mediterranean and India, in time, if they can; and, what is most incredible, (and, I think, must be a mistake of the reporters), the absence of our Ambassador from Constantinople at a most critical time. Accounted for; hear it! Oh! hear! hear! By what? Why, detained at Naples by “bad weather, from May to November!” Oh, stuff! this is surely a mistake of the reporter, who ought to be dismissed for taking such liberty with Lord P.

Now as to our own country, England. The first question is, what have we gained by the famous reform? by the patriotic Whigs? or even your friends the agitators? I am very unwilling to write any thing offensive, but considering the management, or rather mismanagement of the concern, since the Whigs came into office, I am obliged to join with Mr. Cobbett, who has often said—"Were a man to stand at Charing-cross, and take the first twelve men that passed by who could read and write, and bore good characters as to strict honesty, sobriety, early rising and industry; if they did not make a better Ministry than either our Tories or Whigs, at all events they could not blunder the affairs of the nation more than the pretty gentlemen of Whitehall, whether as to our domestic affairs, or our foreign relations and policy." Let me remind you of the words of Junius, viz.:

"The ruin or prosperity of a state depends so much upon the administration of its Government, that to be acquainted with the merit of a Ministry, we need only observe the condition of the people. If we see them obedient to the laws, prosperous in their industry, united at home, and respected abroad, we may reasonably presume that their affairs are conducted by men of experience, abilities, and virtue. If, on the contrary, we see an universal spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, a rapid decay of trade, dissensions in all parts of the empire, and a total loss of respect in the eyes of foreign powers, we may pronounce, without hesitation, that the Government of that country is weak, distracted, and corrupt."

In England we find growing discontent—fires, crime to a frightful degree; corruption greater than ever; taxation so heavy as to be almost unbearable; poor-laws and tithe-laws resisted, and all sorts of schemes to get rid of them. The entire law system a mass of—I dare not say what—not wishing to be prosecuted for a libel, although it would be perfectly true.

Justice, however, from its expense, is out of the reach of the poor, and almost

of the rich. The black catalogue of law abuses, so ably and so fairly stated by Lord Brougham, unredressed, unreformed, and suffered to remain, though he has been three years in office.

Possibly Lord B. finds that he cannot carry these necessary reforms; for principle is so often sacrificed to party, to ambition, or selfish views, that he may not be able to do what he desires.

Excessive taxation has demoralized all ranks, and while the debt, the taxes, and the paper-money, exist, an inordinate desire to get wealth, rank, or distinction, will also prevail, and must cause an abominable abandonment of public probity.

Next comes to our assistance the march of intellect—the schoolmaster, and education as it is called, and all the Utopian schemes of "the system and spirit of the age." Thus, instead of wholesome regulations as to necessary evils, almost unqualified abolitions are proposed. The most dangerous crime, forgery, is no longer to be punished with death, though it might involve an entire family in ruin; murderers are no longer to be dissected, but are put on a par, as to punishment, with a sheep-stealer or a shoplifter; and though in this country we know that Paddy would prefer being hanged three times (were it possible) to being dissected once, still the march of intellect interferes with the murderer's punishment. Again, in the tenderness of the age, and in all our new light, flogging in the army and navy is sought to be abolished. Verily, this looks like a plot to dissolve both.

Regulation is one thing—abolition another. But I, who always detested the lash, and never inflicted it where possible to avoid it, say—and I call on my brethren officers of army and navy to speak out—I say Parliament may as well disband army and navy at once, as to pass such a law.

It has been regulated, though I allow not yet sufficiently, but under regulation, it is absolutely necessary, or farewell to all discipline in our army and navy.

The French, it is true, never allowed

it; but they are a very different people: a high sense of military honour is the leading feature of every Frenchman; and they are not such a drunken people as ours; nine-tenths of the punishments in the British army come from drunkenness.

The French are not immaculate from crime or irregularity; but instead of flogging they shoot, and they degrade, and send offenders to the galleys.

I saw several lately degraded in Place Vendôme at Paris, and I would bet ten to one, that if a British regiment had been drawn up there to witness the ceremony, nine out of ten of our men would infinitely prefer 300 lashes.

Our next dandyism or stupidism of the age is, to abolish the old prerogative of the Crown as to the impressment of seamen, in a time of war or of urgent necessity—another absurdity!!! Is not a militia man pressed?—what is it to him whether taken from his parents and friends by ballot or by a sergeant and some soldiers, per force, had they the power? And why not press a seaman, which is placing him, *de facto*, in a better situation than he is taken from? His business is to live on the seas; and he is certainly better in a man of war than in a merchant ship; in truth, their only objection is, the wholesome discipline, and which is, in fact, very good for them.

The mania for diffusing among the working people an education altogether unsuited to their station in society is amongst the evils of the age. We find crime to have made most alarming progress, hand in hand, with education and taxation. In the last twenty years committals in England have increased from 6,500 to 20,800. The true education for those who must earn their bread by labour, would be to discard the schoolmaster, but make the parson do his duty, teach the children their catechism, to try and bring them up with good morals and strict truth, and then as to the *heudekation*, as Mr. Cobbett wisely proposes, let them be suited to the intended line of life. Send boys to sea in fishing-boats, let them learn to steer, to heave the log, and reef a top-sail. The

farming boy's education should be in the stable; in the fields, and following the plough, in short, all that belongs to that employment; young girls to be clean, orderly, to sew, to milk, to wash, make bread, &c. &c. &c. This is real, useful education for two-thirds of the people, and then in all the useful arts and trades skill and expertness are what we want, and neither Latin, Greek, nor feelosphy.

The intemperate impatience under taxation, as the late Lord Castlereagh called it, is increasing hourly, not that I call it intemperate, but we ought to be just. What can the Whigs do as to this?

Men are so absurd as to torment Ministers on the subject, but without offering them any support. They call out for repeal of malt-tax, of window and house tax, of assessed ditto, of probate duty, but at the same time they want the impossibility, public faith, all vested interests, all sorts of extravagances to be adhered to. Then how can taxes be repealed! Other foolish people must have twenty millions to give freedom to black slaves, overlooking all the white slaves in England.

Why don't these petitioners tell Ministers that they will support them against the aristocracy, but for whose benefit and greediness many taxes might be taken off; why not accompany these petitions with the advice of the Norfolk petition, and why not advise the Minister to give up half of our worthless (except for patronage) Colonies. Surely the East Indian patronage might satisfy them. Another misfortune of the times is the impatience of all classes and professions to make fortunes or obtain rank in a hop, step, and a jump, and and this when the market is so overstocked with aspirants in every profession. Men in trade, and others, are every day ruined by speculation, which is positive gambling, and the public purse has been burdened by retirement pensions and brevets, which in many cases remove good colonels to make indifferent generals. It is stated that in the last Naval and Military Journal, that Lord Fitzroy Somerset said, before

the committee on army and navy appointment, that at least two-thirds of the general officers of the present day were unfit for service from age, wounds, or decayed health. Whether his lordship said so or not, I have no other evidence, but if he did, I think him greatly mistaken; one half may be so, and also unwilling to enter into active life again, but there are at all events, one-half of the generals perfectly fit, and perfectly willing to serve. Moreover, there are many stations where the fire of youth is not so necessary as experience, temper, and steadiness. Such as all our Military Colonial Governments. On looking over the list of generals of all ranks, I find eighty that no one could possibly object to, being perfectly fit for any service.

The entire number of generals in our service employed in all parts of the world is forty-four, including the West India governors. Therefore, we certainly must agree fully with the anxious hope of the committee, that no addition should be made to this list, except on very strong grounds of public necessity. Though such a recommendation may not be very agreeable to the views of the aristocracy, or the young aspirants who think only of themselves, or of the Horse-guard patronage.

Now, for dear Ireland, though last mentioned, not of the least importance. What a state are we in! when a Catholic bishop, of the highest character and universally respected, does not hesitate to say, he despairs!!!

I believe you know, Mr. Conway, that I have long despaired. We become more unhinged every day. In your post of the 20. inst. you state, and not as an ordinary *on dit*, but as a fact, that resistance to the payment of rents has commenced in Tipperary and the south—and, alas! as to myself, I have an estate in the civilized county Down, and though not by any open resistance, by what we may call tacit resistance, I have more than two years rent due to me, and for land let forty years ago, and under its then value. But I have long expected this. Every man who thinks of the ruffianized system now in operation, the murders

and the intimidation, must allow, that if not speedily put down it will (as you say) plunge the country into a barbarism worse than even its own history can parallel; and then, when the great English and other landlords, and the numerous well-disposed gentry and yeomanry have their eyes opened, it is more than probable that England will be obliged to exert her power, and will have to reconquer Ireland; or, at all events, it will cost her millions of money, and thousands of lives, to overthrow the anarchy; for, as to supposing that when things do come to the worst (as they are fast doing) none but madmen, or downright irreclaimable fools, can believe that England will give up Ireland, and submit to what, if she did, would very soon ensure her own destruction.

I have heard many of those who abuse Mr. O'Connell right and left, say, he was once bribed, as to some part of the emancipation. I certainly did not believe it; but I now begin to fear (I hope he will pardon me) that we are all in error, and as there has been a good deal of humbug in the reform, there must be another and a very deep humbug going on.

I begin to believe that Dan has been bribed, and by the Whigs, to bring about the repeal. It is quite clear to me (I may be mistaken) that they are the true repealers, out-and-out, and also for the total overthrow of the Protestant church. If I am wrong in this supposition, they must have another and a deeper plot, namely, to re-establish the Society of United Irishmen in Ireland, and to separate the countries; for, unless one or other of the above is their scheme, how could they introduce such a bill as the tithe-bill—a bill which merely changes the name from tithe to land-tax; and this, after a Minister declaring that tithes ought to be abolished; a bill which, if possible to carry, would make landlords proctors to the parsons, and which, as far as I can understand it (for it is really very difficult to do so), it will be next to impossible to put in force. The objections are too numerous to state here, but I call it a most silly and most mischievous bill, and one that will

unite all Ireland to demand repeal. Moreover (and this is strong circumstantial evidence of some ulterior object), it is notorious, that after expending thousands of pounds, and loading mail-coaches with Exchequer writs, &c., and when the people were positively coming in and paying the tithes as fast as the parsons could receive them; and numbers who had been arrested and thrown into prison, and not liking their abode, were beginning to pay, what was to be done? The prison doors were opened, and all the writs and Exchequers stopped! and, of course, Paddy stopped paying; and an ass he would have been, if he had not so stopped.

A clergyman of the best character, and a man quite incapable of falsehood, called on me this morning, and he assured me, that he had two years tithe due to him in the county Tipperary, and that just before the prison doors were opened, and all Government assistance suddenly stopped, the parishioners came in and told him they had the money, and would pay him, as they thought it useless to resist longer, and to have his receipts ready next day, when unfortunately the tithe, or the Whig wind, changed, and then they laughed at him, and said they would now keep the money. No government ever was guilty of such an act of indiscretion and weakness.

But, pray do not suppose from this, that I am so unjust or absurd as to believe that there ever can, ever will, or ever ought to be quiet in Ireland while seven millions and a half of Catholics and Dissenters are forced to pay for the religion of half a million of Protestants. No such thing I assure you; but I say this, that when passions are up men do not reason. They forget that if tithes were unconditionally abolished to-morrow, that in a few years they would merge into the landlord's rent, and in point of actual relief, there would not be any, but merely the idea, or that at all events, the Catholic tenant was not paying the priest of another religion.

It is folly to flinch now; wise Ministers would meet the question wisely. They had actually gained the victory,

and they gave up the field and ran away. Now they want another fight.

I think this great question might be amicably and equitably settled, and I shall tell you how in another letter.

I wrote you some letters from Paris last year, and I told you that Nicholas was a Repealer, and that Pozzo di Borgo was neither idle nor stupid. There is, something mysterious as to the three or five millions which our Whigs gave to Russia, and also in their conduct as to Poland, Turkey, and even Don Miguel. Whether they have, after all, a different plan, and that the Repeal, or the United Irish plans, are only a means for a particular end, is beyond my comprehension; but when we consider the union which exists between Louis-Philippe and his French Doctrinaire Whigs and ours, the prosecution of the press in both countries, and all the flirtations of Lord Palmerston, old Tallyrand, and Pozzo di Borgo, may not this be a Holy Alliance trap, and, when all is ready, to try, at least, to put down liberty in France, crush *la jeune Italie*, dictate to Spain, Portugal, and Germany, and then send 100,000 Russians, Prussians, and Germans, to reconquer Ireland. You will call this nonsense; yet consider that for years after the peace the yeomanry were kept up at great expense when all was quiet, and the present Ministers actually issued new arms to them; but now, when the outrages of the country and the deplorable and daily violation of all law, and the threatened destruction of all property is notorious, they disband the yeomanry, as if inviting the people to open rebellion! Come, come, Mr. Conway, do not support the Whigs any longer; it is not clear that they are either for repeal or separation? and to throw the poor parsons overboard entirely, without even securing their life interests; otherwise how account for all this weak, vacillating, senseless conduct?

We have but one way, and after all I believe it is the true solution of it.

They are afraid to look the difficulties of the country in the face, and to boldly apply the necessary remedies. They have much to contend with and against, and

have not mind or pluck for the times. They see all going to ruin, and, no doubt, are sorry for it; but they hope the thing may be kept up some how or other for their time; and they are ardently fond of place, patronage, and power—three very fascinating allurements I admit; but at their outset their grand error was a mean truckling to enemies that never will forgive them, and neglect of old friends, who could have been useful, but who are now disgusted.

On recollection I must, and do, beg pardon of the Whigs, for calling this Ministry such. I doubt if there are four of the old genuine Whigs in the Administration, including the Cabinet and those not of it. More than two-thirds of this reputed Whig Ministry are either nondescripts in politics (or, like the French *Juste Milieu* animals), for themselves only, or downright renegade Tories—and see what a pretty mess they make of it. The people are also unreasonable. They want public faith as I have before mentioned, without well understanding it. They must also have, or do not object to a large army, a large fleet, terrific ordnance expenses in profound peace, colonies and places without end, civil and military pensions, whether deserved or not, monopolies to be supported, and paper-money extended—and, poor fools, all this to be kept up without taxes!

The system is for every man to get what he can, and part with nothing he can keep, and I think I cannot describe our situation better than in the words of Livy, as applied to Rome—“*Dumec ad hæc tempora, quibus nec vitia nostra, nec remedia pati possumus, perventum est.*”

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
G. COCKBURN.

From the LONDON GAZETTE,

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1834.

INSOLVENT.

SEQUERRA, S., Tenterground, Goodman's-fields, commission-agent.

BANKRUPTS.

BLACKBURN, R., Basinghall-street, surgeon.
DOUGHTY, J., Bristol, tavern-keeper.
GLOVER, J., Wigau, Lancashire, draper.
HARRIS, S., and D. Reeve, Minorities, linen-drappers.
HICKLING, J., Warwick, brickmaker.
METIVIER, J. and C. H., Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, clothiers.
POYNTON, J., Covent Garden-market, victualler.
SNELSON, M., New Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, lace-manufacturer.
STATHAM, G., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, tailor.
STEBER, D., Dover, watchmaker.
WRAGG, G., Sheffield, table-knife-manufacturer.
YOUNGMAN, P., Chatham, bookseller.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

BROADFOOT, C., Tradeston, Glasgow, builder.
JACKSON, J. and Co., Glasgow, clothiers.
MURDOCH, J., jun., Ayr, merchant.

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1834.

BANKRUPTS.

BATTIE, W., Sheffield, silver-plater.
BOYS, W., Eastbourne, Sussex, wine-merchant.
BRIGGS, J., Lawrence-lane, Cheapside, silk-warehouseman.
GOOCH, R., Birmingham, tea-dealer.
MOFFITT, R., Ho slydown-lane, Shad-Thames, Surrey, mealman.
MORPHEW, D., Dover, chemist.
PADLEY, T., Gainsborough, Lincoln, victualler.
PINCAS, D., Devonport, silversmith.
RICHARDSON, J. A., Cannon-row, Westminster, bill-broker.
ROHRS, G. W., and F. W. Jacobs, Mark-lane, corn-factors.
SHARP, E., Lincoln, merchant.
SMART, L., Brydges-street, Covent-garden, shell-fishmonger.

LONDON MARKETS.

MARK-LANE, CORN-EXCHANGE, April 7.—The supplies fresh up to this morning's market were moderate from Essex and Suffolk, and very limited from Kent. The millers were reluctant buyers of any qualities but the best, which supported the currency of this day se'nnight; other descriptions met with little or no inquiry, and prices are almost become nominal. Nothing transpiring in bonded corn.

The maltsters being well stocked with Bar-

ley, added to the languid trade in Malt, checked the demand for malting descriptions, and prices in consequence receded 1s. per qr.; distilling and grinding sorts also participated in the decline, and the business transacting in either was extremely limited.

The arrival of Oats this morning was moderate, and as the market was tolerably well attended by purchasers, a fair sale was experienced for the article on the terms of last Monday.

Beans were more in request, and better prices were realized. Owing to the Government contract for 500 qrs. of Peas, white boiling qualities improved in value, as the stock is short, and must be noted full 1s. per qr. dearer; in grey and maple no alteration.

As the weather is becoming warmer, holders have evinced more anxiety to quit their stocks of Flour, and as several lots are becoming heated, sales of such have been effected at very low terms, while good fresh qualities remained steady in value.

Wheat	45s. to 57s.
Rye	—s. to —s.
Barley	22s. to 24s.
— fine	28s. to 30s.
Peas, White	—s. to —s.
— Boilers	30s. to 31s.
— Grey	30s. to 33s.
Beans, Small	31s. to 37s.
— Tick	26s. to 33s.
Oats, Potato	21s. to 23s.
— Feed	16s. to 19s.
Flour, per sack	43s. to 47s.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, India, new	95s. to 100s.
— Mess, new ...	55s. to 57s. per barl.
Butter, Belfast ...	66s. to 76s. per cwt.
— Carlow	50s. to 76s.
— Cork	62s. to 64s.
— Limerick ..	60s. to 62s.
— Waterford ..	50s. to 70s.
— Dublin	50s. to 52s.

SMITHFIELD, April 7.

This day's supply of Sheep, Lambs, and Beasts, was, both as to numbers and quality, moderately good, its supply of Calves and Porkers, but limited. Trade was, with each kind of meat, very dull. With Veal at a depression of 2d. per stone; with Beef, Mutton, Lamb, and Pork, at Friday's quotations.

A full moiety of the beasts were Scots and short-horns; a full fourth of them in about equal numbers of Devons and Welsh runts; and the remainder in about equal numbers of Herefords and Irish, with about sixty Sussex beasts, as many Town's-end Cows, a few Staffords, &c.

About two-fifths of the Sheep were South-Downs, the same number new Leicesters, in about equal numbers of the South-Down and white-faced crosses, and the remaining fifth

about equal numbers of Kents, Kentish half-breeds, old Leicesters, and horned and polled Norfolks, with a few pens of old Lincolns, horned Dorsets and Somersets, horned and polled Scotch and Welsh Sheep, &c.

The Lambs, in number about 4,000, appeared to consist of about equal numbers of new Leicesters, of mixed crosses, Dorsets and South-Downs, with a few Kentish half-breeds, &c.

About 2,000 of the Beasts, a full moiety of which were Scots and Norfolk home-breds, about 1,700 of them short-horns, and the rest about equal numbers of Devons and Welsh runts, with a few Irish beasts, were from Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire; about 130, chiefly short-horns, with a few Devons, runts, Herefords, and Irish beasts, from Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, &c.; about 140, chiefly Devons, with some Herefords, runts and Irish beasts, from our western and midland districts; about 120, chiefly Sussex beasts, with a few Devons, runts, and Irish beasts, from Kent, Sussex, and Surrey; and most of the remainder, including the Town's-end Cows, from the stall-feeders, &c. near London.

MARK-LANE.—Friday, April 11.

The arrivals this week are small. The prices are full as high as on Monday.

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3 per Cent. }	Fri.	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
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1....of....	£16 000.....	£16 000
1.....	10,000.....	10,000
1.....	3,000.....	3,000
1.....	2,000.....	2,000
1.....	1,600.....	1,600
1.....	1,500.....	1,500
2.....	1,400.....	2,800
1.....	1,100.....	1,100
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